

P O E M S ¹¹

ON

1346.9.2
21

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

FROM

GENUINE MANUSCRIPTS

OF

DEAN SWIFT, Mr. H—M, Mr. C—R,
Mr. G—R, Mr. S—B—P, Mr. K—DD—E,
&c. &c.

CONTAINING,

ADVICE to Mr. L—GG—N,
the Fan Painter at *Tunbridge Wells*, a SATIRE, the Second Edition with the Additions *never before printed*.

VERSES, occasioned by ditto.

A FABLE inscribed to the
Right Hon. Lady Mary
T—FT—N.

THE STORM.

A DIALOGUE at *Tunbridge Wells*.

VERSES at *Morven*, the
Seat of the Earl of *Westmorland*.

The Universal Laugh.

CHLOE to M—RR—T by the
E— of C—D.

ON Miss B—KS and Miss
M—W.

ON Miss S— and Miss
C—

THE Battle of the Hoops.

SONGS, RIDDLES, &c. &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BROMAGE, at *Temple-Bar*, and
sold by the Booksellers at *Bath* and *Tunbridge Wells*, 1749.

[Price one Shilling.]

POEMS

ON

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OF

DEAN SWIFT, MR. H. M. MR. C. R.
MR. G. R. MR. S. R. MR. K. R. MR. D. R.

CONTAINING

Advice to Mr. L. and
the Poet, under the name
of W. M. a SATIRE
containing several A
tions upon the same
Verses, occasioned by dis
A PARADISE, written by dis
John John, Lady Mary
T. R. R.
The Poet
A Dialogue, at the Poet's
W. M.



Printed for the Poet, at the Poet's
sold by the Poet, at the Poet's

[Price one Shilling]

STORM,

By Dr. SWIFT,

PALLAS, a Goddess chaste and wise,
 Descending lately from the Skies;
 To Neptune went, and beg'd in Form,
 He'd give his Orders for a Storm:
 A Storm to drown that Rascal He,
 And she would kindly thank him for't;
 The Wretch whom Irish Knaves (to spite her)
 Had lately honour'd with a Mitre.
 The God to favour her Request,
 Affur'd her, he would do his best.

But Venus had been there before,
 Pleaded the B. . . lov'd a W. . .
 And had enlarg'd her Empire wide,
 He own'd no Deity beside.

At Sea or Land if e'er you found him
 Without a Mistress, hang or drown him.
 Since *B——t's* Death, the Bishop's Bench,
 'Till *H——t* arriv'd, ne'er kept a Wench;
 If *H——t* must sink, she grieves to tell it,
 She'll not have left one single Prelate:
 And she must own, she did intend him
 Elect for *Cyprus*, in *Commendam*.
 And since her Birth the Ocean gave her,
 She could not doubt her Uncle's Favour.

Then *Proteus* made the same Request,
 But half in Earnest, half in Jest;
 Said he, great Sov'reign of the Main,
 To drown him, all Attempts are vain;
 He can assume more Shapes, than I
 A Rake, or Bully, Pimp, or Spy;
 Can run, or creep, or fly, or swim,
 (All Motions are alike to him)
 Turn him adrift, and you shall find,
 He knows to sail, with ev'ry Wind.
 Or throw him over-board, he'll ride
 As well against, as with the Tide.
 And *Pallas*, you apply too late,
 For 'tis decreed by *Jove*, and *Fate*,

That

That *Ireland* must be soon destroy'd,
 Then who but *H—t*, should be employ'd?
 You need not therefore be so pert,
 On sending *Bolton*, to *Clonfort*:
 I find you did it by your Grinning,
 Your Business is, to mind your Spinning.
 And how you came to interpose
 In making *B—ps* no Man knows.
 Or who regarded your Report?
 For never were you seen at Court.
 But if you must have your Petition,
 Here's *Berkely*, in the same Condition;
 Look how he stands, and 'tis but just,
 If *H—t* must drown the *Doctor* must:
 But if you leave us *B—p Judas*,
 We'll give you *Berkely* for *Bermudas*.
 Or if 'twill gratify your Spite,
 To put him in a plaguy Fright,
 (Although 'twill hardly quit the Cost)
 You soon shall see him soundly toft;
 You'll find, he'll swear, blaspheme, and damn,
 And every Moment take a *Dram*:
 His ghastly Visage with an Air
 Of Reprobation and Despair;

Or when some hiding Hold he seeks,
 For fear the rest should say he *sneaks*;
 Or as *Fitz-Patrick* did before,
 Resolv'd to perish with his *W—re*;
 Or when he raves, or roars and swears,
 And but for shame would say his Pray'rs;
 Or would you see his Spirits sink,
 Refluxing downwards, in a Stink?
 If such a Scene as this can please ye,
 Good Madam *Pallas*, pray be easy.
 Let *Neptune* speak, and I'll consent,
 But he'll come back, the Rogue he went.
 The Goddess who receiv'd a Hope,
 That *H—t* was destin'd for a Rope,
 Believ'd it best to condescend,
 And spare a Rogue, to save a Friend;
 Yet fearing *Berkely* might be scar'd,
 She left him Virtue, for his Guard.

A Dialogue at TUNBRIDGE,

Between *Roger*, and his Brother *Richard*.

A H! *Dick*, said *Roger*, I have been
 Where such a fine Sight I have seen,
 That hadst thou seen the like, my Boy,
 Thou never wouldst forget the Joy.
 You never saw a finer thing
 Than I (said *Dick*) who saw the King,
 The King! God prosper long his Reign,
Roger reply'd in merry Strain,
 I tell thee, *Dick*, I've seen what he,
 (God 'bless him) would be glad to see.
 Nay, nay, quoth *Dick*, if such the Sight,
 Proceed to tell thy Tale outright;
 Why so I will, if you will hear,
 And lend, quoth he, a patient Ear.
 This Morn I left my Plow and ran
 With bonny *Susan*, *Kate*, and *Nan*,
 To see an Ass-race on the Plain.
 We made much Haste, for we were told
 That Men would ride all lac'd with Gold;
 We wonder'd much, such is their Pride,
 That *L—ds* and *Esqrs* would Asses ride,
 What

What Numbers of fine Folk were there!
 Lord! at the Show how we did stare!
 Some rode in Coaches split in twain,
 To view at once the showy Train:
 Fine Beaus in Chaises seem'd to fly,
 Flutt'ring like paper Kites on high.
 Full in the midst were Affes led,
 With gaudy Trappings all bespread;
 Who with Deportment grave and wise,
 Seem'd all this fine Show to despise.
 Fair Nymphs to see, and to be seen,
 And smiling with alluring Mien;
 Stood in the Stand, all in a Row,
 And pleas'd beheld the Crowd below:
 The gazing Crowd, so press'd and teaz'd me,
 That underneath the Stand they squeez'd me;
 Where thro' the Crannies I could spy
 More pleasing Charms, with half an Eye,
 Than those abroad that gaz'd so high;
 White Legs, Thighs taper, and that same,
 Which tho' I saw I dare not name;
 It would have made thy glad Heart leap,
 But to have had one single Peep.
 Here *Dick* cry'd out and laugh'd aloud,
 A mighty Sight to see a Crowd!

And

And pray how common 'tis, dear Brother,
To see the Asses ride each other ?
The gilded Chariot, Coach, and Chaise,
Are what I gaze at with Amaze ;
But you beheld beneath the Stand,
The thing most common in the Land ;
For such a Sight you need not roam,

—— Susan can shew as good at home.

A S O N G,

By Mr. HAMILTON.

1.

PHILIS for Shame let us improve
A thousand different Ways ;

Those few short Moments snatch'd by Love,
From many tedious Days.

2.

If you want Courage to despise
The Answers of the Grave ;

For all those Tyrants of the Eyes,
Your Heart is but a Slave.

3

3. My

3.
 My Love is full of noble Pride,
 Nor can it e're submit,
 To let that Fop direction ride
 In Triumph over it.

4.
 False Friends I have as well as you,
 Who daily counsel me,
 Fame, and Ambition, to pursue,
 And leave off loving thee.

5.
 But when the least Regard I show
 To Fools who thus advise,
 May I be dull enough to grow
 Most miserably wise.

On Miss S—

HO M E R. could not *Helen* boast,
Virgil not his *Venus* Charms;

Nor cou'd *Horace*, *Lydia* toast,
 Had they seen fair S—'s Arms.

2.

By which too coy, coy *Cupid* reigns,
 As he must yield to her just Pow'r;

And who lightly twists his Chains
 Left they bind him every Hour.

3.

Her's are his Quivers, Bows, and Darts,

Nay : — himself is her's alone;

— For her he steals his Mother's Hearts,

Who fears for S— he'll be undone.

4.

Surrey — was he here wou'd swear

His *Gridalind* outdone;

And *Waller* — with a drooping Tear

Call S— and *Sazarissa* one.

At MEREWORTH, the seat of the Earl
of WESTMORELAND.

Over the Door within the *Hermitage*.

BENEATH these Moss-grown Roots,
this rustick Cell,

Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell;
Say you who dare our Hermitage disdain,
What drawing Room can boast so fair a Train?

Behind St. AGNES'S SHRINE.

Ne gay Attire, ne marble Hall,
Ne arched Roof, ne pictur'd Wall;
Ne Cook of *France*, ne dainty Board
Bestrew'd with Pies of *Perigord*;
Ne Power, ne such like idle Fancies,
Sweet *Agnes* grant to *Father Francis*.
Let me no more myself deceive,
No more regret the Joys I leave;
The World I quit, the Proud, the Vain;
Corruption's and Ambition's Train:
But not the good *Perdie*! ne Fair!
'Gainst them I make ne Vow ne Pray'r,

Be

Be such, aye welcome to my Cell,
 And oft, not always with me dwell.
 Then cast sweet Saint a Circle round,
 And bless from Fools the holy Ground,
 From all the Foes to Worth and Truth,
 From wanton Eld, and homely Youth;
 The gravely Dull, and pertly Gay—
 Oh! banish these, and by my Fay,
 Right well I ween that in this Age,
 My House shall prove a Hermitage.

On one Side the SHRINE.

Sweet Bird that sings on yonder Spray,
 Pursue unharm'd thy Sylvan lay;
 While I beneath this breezy Shade,
 In Peace repose my careless Head,
 And joining the enraptur'd Song,
 Instruct the World's enamour'd Throng,
 That the contented harmless Breast
 In Solitude itself is blest.

AN EPIGRAM.

SIR Thomas Fr—l—d marries at three-
score

The charming *Celia*, eighteen and no more;

You'll say this Marriage sure must prove a
Curse?

Why so?—She has a Husband, and he has
a Nurse.

Nevertheless, hard is poor *Celia's* Lot,

She has a Husband,—as if she had not.

The universal LAUGH; or,

The TUNBRIDGE GIGGLERS.

LAUGH, ye Gay!—Laugh at your-
selves alone;

Gay *Momus* can no merrier Subjects own:

The airy *Monkey* shall distort its Face,

And wanton *Sally* screw his rosy Grimace;

And every *Fool* the general Laughter grace.

The jantée *Fop* shall his stiff Modes refrain,

Nor the shy *Prude*, her simpering Forms re-
strain,

The

the grave. *Divine* shall play his holy part,
 and laugh at Reformation from his Heart;
Physic shall laugh at *Bolus's* and *Pills*,
 and not by Drugs, — but Mirth dissolve our
 Ills;

Without the Steel, shall cure the sullen Spleen,
 And without Drops o'er Madam's Vapours
 reign;

The Spirits, and the Brandy-Bottle fly,
 Yet Madam laughs until she almost die:
 The *Privy-Counsellor*, on whom 'tis Death
 Almost — on Laughter to consume his Breath,
 shall out of Complaisance, without much
 Toil,

From his grave Face, afford a courtly Smile,
 Nay — Law, touch'd with the universal
 Glee,

shall laugh at all the World without a Fee.
 Poor *Herucrite*, whoever wept Mankind,
 In this light Chorus, we shall laughing find;
 And *Democrite*, the merriest Mortal known,
 shall, as the Prince of Laughter, wear his
 Crown.

Mankind

Mankind shall laugh to see a Fool his Brother,
 Thus we'll be blest in laughing at each other,
 We laugh for ever here--for what?--or why?
 No Man on Earth, by G--d, can make Reply.

CHLOE to M--RR--T.

By the Right Hon. the E-- of C--

DEAR M--rr--t come not quite so near,
 Let pity interpose;
 Consider when you're at my Ear,
 You're very near my Nose.

Besides tho' many Things you say,

In Wit you don't abound;

Thy tedious Whisperings convey

As little Sense, as Sound.

'Tis odd, that you, whose stingy Pate,

Consults nought else but Profit,

Shou'd be so lavish of your Prate,

And yet make nothing of it.

Then

Then since thy Tongue, nor Joy to me,
 Nor Pence to thee affords ;
 O! spare thy Prate, and learn to be,
 A Miser of thy Words.

TO Miss FANNY F—LL—R.

WHILST you excel in every Dance,
 I want no nimble Heels from *France* ;
 Whilst you can breath so soft a Strain,
Italians may return again ;
 But O! when you the *Mimick* play,
 I laugh the humourous Hours away ;
 I quite forget my Evening Dose,
 With *Ned*, and *Harry* at the *Rose*.
 In you a Crowd of Nymphs I see,
 But none that e'er cou'd copy thee :
 Though when you stand yourself confess'd,
 I own you always pleas'd me best ;
 Yet since the Maxim is well grounded,
Joys on Variety are founded ;
 Each Belle shall in her Turn appear
 By Change of Voice, and Change of Air.
 Come to my Arms with all thy Store,
 In thee I'll clasp ten Thousand more ;

Nor

[46]
Nor can the sacred Courts Decree
Obstruct my fair Polygamy.

By Mr. G—T—K—R.

CAN *Banks* appear, and *Howe* be near,
By all the Walks admir'd,
Fitzgerald's Grace, and *Peckham's* Face,
Yet *Cibber* uninspir'd?

No pretty Song, for *Oldmixon*,
Or *Ruffel's* mimic Voice;
No lovely Air, to charm the Fair,
And yet have so much Choice?

Let these invite, or cease to write,
Nor *Laureat* more remain;
Forlake your Muse, your Sack refuse,
And ne'er write Odes again.

On Miss B--k's refusing to dance.

BANKS, I reject thee for my Muse,
With C--tt--den you have no Chance;
Enrag'd I ever will refuse
To pipe to one, who will not dance.

On Miss B--ks and Miss H--

By C--LLY C--BB--r, Esqr.

TWO lovely Nymphs desire my Song,
With rival Charms they tempt and
teize me;
Whether in Smiles or Frowns they long,
And while they long they still do please
me.

The one, with lovely Eyes half kind,
Intreats me fondly to befriend her:
The other, with a Smile confin'd,
Silent demands me to commend her.

To this, to that, I turn, I gaze,
Yet e'er I can resolve me, tremble;

Nor dare bestow alternate Praise,
 Left both should tell me I dissemble.

Take Courage, Heart! and both defy,
 Of each alternate be the Capture;
 When Praise to this gives Jealousy,
 That kinder Jealousy's thy Rapture.

When fair *Bianca's* Frowns relent,
 She humbles thee to Sighs and Sadness,
 But when her softer Eyes relent,
 Well she repays the Pain with Gladness.

When gentler *Charlotte* thinks thee cold,
 Or that she's like her Locks neglected
 No longer, then, She finds the old,
 But with a youthful Flame affected,

What tho' thy Flame in neither Breast,
 For thee, one Spark of Warmth inspire,
 Yet, by the Muse, such Charms confess
 May warm the worthy to admire.

By Nature guarded from the Harms,
 Which each to younger Hearts may mea-
 sure:

'm still contented, while they charm ;
Be their's the Triumph, mine the Pleasure..

The Amorous KNIGHT.

By Mr. G--T--K--R.

A Certain rich Knight,
In amorous Plight

Came to *Tunbridge* to seek for a Wife :

To tell the plain Truth,

His vigorous Youth

Made it needful to alter his Life.

Arriv'd at the Place,

He discovers his Case

To some Friends whom he join'd in a Party :

Who in Juncture so nice,

Gave him sober Advice,

And afterwards laugh'd at him hearty.

Tea-Drinkings were made

By this amorous Blade,

And Journeys to *Cold-Bath* and *Rocks*;

In short the Cash flew,
As if he ne'er knew

What a Fall there had been in the Stocks,

Whist each of the Fair

Try'd his Fortune to share.

Not one without Hopes did he leave;

For his equal Behaviour

So blended his Favour,

That none had much Reason to grieve.

With Passion profess'd,

Blooming *B--ks* he address'd,

And swore her so charming a Creature;

She was *Venus* or *Juno*,

Or any thing you know,

A Goddess in every Feature.

To *Miss M---nt* he apply'd,

And hung at her Side,

As if of each Man he was jealous;

Yet to *C---lt---r* and *Cr---fs*,

He swears his Heart lost;—

Now who can account for such Fellows?

Yet what still more odd is,
 After making a Goddess
 Of each of these Fair ones by Turns;
 By Chance 'tis declar'd
 That *Sir Ab. Sb---d*,
 For the *Waiter* at *Coffee-house* burns.

O Thought most absurd!
 That *Sir Ab. Sb---d*,
 A Man of his Title and Fashion,
 Should so much debase
 His generous Race,
 And stoop to s' ignoble a Passion.

The Battle of the Hoops.

SING, O my Muse, the arduous doubtful
 Strife,
 'Twixt *B---ks*, and *H---we*, of *Tunbridge-*
Wells the Life;
 Justly describe the Manner of the Fray,
 How each their Forces join'd in meet Array,

Tell,

Tell, how enrag'd, each *Hoop*, with *Hoop*,
they clash'd;

How from each piercing Eye the Light'ning
flash'd;

What dreadful Slaughter, volly'd Glances made,
How *Petticoats*, the *Petticoats* invade,

Say, with what active Force they both engag'd,
What dire Confusion thro' the Battle rag'd.

No sooner had "three Crows" * sat on a Stone,
"E'er two were gone, and one was left alone,"

Peggy the fairest, of the Female *Fale*,
Her Sexes Honour, and the Graces Care,

Impatient of a potent Rival's Pow'r,
By Fortune favour'd in successful Hour,

Bedeck'd herself with all her killing Charms;
And dar'd her Foe to meet in equal Arms;

High pois'd in Air, her circling *Hoop* she spread,
With sure Success the flexile Form had fled;

But that she dar'd the *Cyprian Queen* to flight,
And took no Pleasure in Love's soft Delight;

For this the angry *Goddess* Vengeance took,
And from its destin'd Course the Weapon shook.

* Alluding to the Place of Action.

How, with her Danger touch'd indignant cry'd
Venus! great Queen I to me is Aid deny'd
 I, who your holy Altars daily grace
 Your Influence own! and sacred Rites embrace
 Must I,—on whom ten Thousand Hearts de-
 pend
 Must I,—to her tyrannick Sway thus bend?
 No, by the Gods, to her I'll never stoop,
 Nor e'er contract my far extended Hoop.

With that th' Assistance of the Gods she pray'd
 And all her Charms she summon'd to her Aid:

Her dimpled Cheeks, with blushing Roses red,
 Her wanton Locks, adown her Neck were
 spread;

Her killing Eyes, full fraught with piercing
 Darts,

Eyes; fatal Eyes to Lovers bleeding Hearts;
 Her far she view'd in all her Canvas Prill,

Swift to o'erwhelm her Charms with Hoop she
 try'd—

Nor had she fail'd, but that kind *Pallas* strove
 To save the Nymph, whom all her Vor'ries love.

With Disappointment vex'd for *How* she retires,
 Peggy, with new rais'd Ardour now aspires

To

To save her Conquest, but two happy Swains,
 Who both confess for each their mutual Pains,
 By Fortune led, avert the fatal Strife,
 And in each Nymph, preserve each other's Life.

On Miss S--THW--LL and Mrs.

C--RR--GT--N,

Desiring Mr. J--NES, to lampoon them.

CAN S---thw---ll ask, or C---rr---gt---n ap-
 ply

For ought that J--nes to either would deny?

Yet, to lampoon em stiffly he refuses;

So vile an Act is foreign to the Muses.

On Miss B— and Miss H—.

DEAR Robin 'tis pity

That Peggy the pretty,

Whom all so admire

From the Duke to th' Esquire,

A good Poet should want,

On her Charms to descant;

Prithce pull from thine Ear

The Goose-Quill that sticks there,

And

And in Poetry quaint
 All her Ravishments paint.
 Say, how blooming her Face,
 Which a *Venus* would grace;
 How enchanting her Air,
 Which a *Juno* might wear;
 How charming her Wit,
 Which *Minerva* would fit;
 Say her Eyes do so blaze,
 They bright *Phæbus* amaze.
 Her white Bosom next show,
 Which disgraces the Snow,
 And tho' sad to be told,
 Say 'tis likewise as cold.
 That the Beaux may despair,
 And may hang for the Fair,
 With the Wise, Good, and Brave,
 She for Vot'ries may have,
 Till in Wedlock she's join'd
 To the best of Mankind.
 But before you do end,
 Be just to her Friend;
 And due Praises bestow
 On the Charming *Miss H--we*.

The PEASANT,
After the Manner of Mr. POPE's Ode
on SOLITUDE.

THE Peasant's blest, who in his Cott,
Secure from Flattery and Decit,
The Bread his honest Labour got,
In Peace can eat

Whose Family to cloath and feed
Does each new Day his Hands employ
By Toils well pleas'd th' approaching Need
To satisfy

O happy State which so contents!
Who's cheerful tho' he's poor;
Who asks of Heaven what Nature wants,
But asks no more.

The Miser's Fears ne'er rack his Breast,
Each Night he lays him down in Peace;
No Dreams of Rapine break his Rest,
He sleeps at Ease.

Rises each Morn with early Dews,
Salutes with Joy the welcome Day;
And in the Fields, his Toil pursues,

With Spirits gay.

When Nature calls for Nourishment,
On some soft mossy Bank he sits;
And Food that's sweet'ned by Content

He thankful eats.

Nor Guilt nor Fear his Joys dismay,
Each Thought fresh Comfort brings;
Thus happy all the live long Day.

He works and sings.

But when the Sun retracts his Rays,
And Evening-Smokes from Chimneys come,
Then thoughtless with an easy Pace,

Goes whistling home.

There he his leisure Hours enjoys,
Laughing at merry Tale or Jest,
Till Sleep o'erpow'rs his weary Eyes;

Then goes to Rest.

Thus steal away his earthly Days,
 In Health, Content, and Ease,
 'Till he the Debt of Nature pays,
 And dies in Peace.

Each neigh'ring Peasant mourns his End,
 Dropping a kind unfeigned Tear;
 And prays for his departed Friend,
 With Heart sincere.

O Heav'n! let me such Bliss enjoy,
 Crown'd with Content and free from Blame;
 And may good Deeds when'er I die
 Record my Fame.

A R I D D L E.

I'VE a Bill like a Bird, and (alack!) but one
 Wing,
 And yet a high Flyer; is not that a strange
 Thing?
 I never cou'd sing, yet like *Purcel* compose;
 What I have in my Head, I discharge at my
 Nose.

Like

Like a *Woodcock* when sprung, I pitch on my
Beak,

And take sev'ral Steps, e'er upwards I make.
'Tis easy to trace me, yet on the same Ground
Where my Footsteps appear, I seldom am found.
I deal in all Languages *Babel* produc'd,
Yet mostly conform to the Language that's us'd;
Whether *French* or *Italian*, or *Latin* or *English*;
You'll say I've a Taste that can nicely distinguish.
The *Divine*, the *Physician*, the *Lawyer* agree,
That their Practice were lame, if it was not
for me.

Already so much of my Merit I've said,
That my Name you've discover'd I am much
afraid.

A R I D D L E.

MY Colour is white,
I am form'd to delight;
Of me you need not fear Danger
If you are a Friend;
For I condescend
But seldom to please a mere Stranger.

I am rude——thou wilt cry ;
 Faith, I don't it deny,
 But when I am sought by the Great,
 You'll find me clean drest,
Soldier-like, I protest
 Not so stout——but I'm sure full as neat.

When our *Carate* profound,
 Is with Doubts run aground,
 He chules my Aid with his Soul ;
 Am scarce e'er at a Distance
 But lend my Assistance,
 If he smiles o'er a cherishing Bowl.

Tho' thus in Request,
 Yet it must be confest,
 That I'm had in the highest Esteem ;
 With plain *Dick*, and *Will*,
 When drinking their Fill ;
 Sometimes, when they're driving the Team.

One Thing I'll disclose ;
 I've few Friends of the *Beaux*.

I've Vapours——Yet *Celia* will rail

At me:——'Tis no Wonder

Since 'tis thought no great Blunder

If her Lips are apply'd——where my Tail.

Oft sudden I die!

Am forget instantly!

Have seldom a lingering End.

I hardly can fear

But I please many here;

Reveal then the Name of a Friend.

A S O N G.

TO you the *Tunbridge Bells* and *Beaux*

These Verses I indite,

Since telling of Bold Truth in Prose,

May not be thought polite;

Let *C-bb-er* Panegyrick boast,

And praise the K—— tho' F—— lost

with a *Fal* Sec

The Duty of Pride;

See how the rips it o'er the Wall;

Delighting all beheld.

2. I

I scorn Applause, nor fear your Rage,

Nor shall I hold my Tongue,

'Till I have brought upon the Stage

The Faults of Old and Young:

Inspir'd by *Momus* thro' your Hearts

I see in vain are all your Arts,

With a Fal,

But I please many here

Reveal then the Name of a Friend.

My dear *Prudella*, if you can,

Begin to be sincere,

For tho' you rail at odious Man,

Truth must in Time appear

Tho' hitherto you've scap'd so well,

Take heed, your Waiste in Time will swell,

With a Fal,

And praise the King

With hearty Mien *Attiera* stalks,

The Deity of Pride;

See how she trips it o'er the Walks,

Despising all beside.

But

But on *Cordelia* if you call,
 She'll tell how *Pride* has had a Fall.

With a Fal,

Nor is it only *Cupid* warms

The Bosom of the Fair,

But Citron-water has its Charms

Which may with Love compare;

Corinna with *St. Paul* can tell

The Spirit does the Flesh excel.

With a Fal,

That Form *Cornelia* which you prize,

And with such Cost adorn,

Your Husband views with other Eyes,

He sees you every Morn;

He knows you're hagg'd, sluttish, old,

Thus all that glitters is not Gold.

With a Fal,

F

But

But see our gay *Sir Plume* appears
 So elegant and smart,
 Each Maid must close her Eyes and Ears,
 Would she secure her Heart,
 His Cheeks are blooming like the Rose,
 And from his Tongue sweet Nonsense flows,
 With a Fal,

8.

Here *Calio* does hard Fortune curse,
 Money and Credit gone ;
Cruthio mourns his empty Purse,
 His borrow'd Hundreds flown :
 The Passions which within them swell
 Anticipate the Pains of Hell,
 With a Fal.

9.

Aminta does her Credit Stretch,
 Her *Ready* long since fled ;
 How mean thou seem'st fond hen-peck'd
 Wretch
 The Partner of her Bed ;

3

Haste,

Haste; sell more Land or thy dear Spouse,
To pay her Debts, adorns thy Brows,

With a Fal.

10.

Come let's look in upon the Ball,

And make ourselves some Sport,

Such wooden Figures crow'd the Hall,

You'd swear 'twas *Punch's* Court,

Such squeez'd up Shape, and awkward Airs,

Genteeler far are dancing Bears.

With a Fal.

11.

Here little *Miss* and *Master* dance,

With nicest Care adorn'd,

Brought up *tout a la mode de France*,

All useful Knowledge scorn'd!

Such, *Britons*! are your rising Hopes,

A Fry of young *Coquettes* and *Fops*.

With a Fal.

Hail! happy *Britain*! blessed Land!

Hail legislative Pow'r!

Thy Taxes firm for ever stand,

Thy Statutes not an Hour:

Let *Rowlet* to the Devil go,

We'll still seek ruin at E. O.

With a Fal, la.

SE'NOKE NUNNERY.

To the Tune of PACKINGTON'S POUND.

AT *Se'nok* so fam'd for Virginity old
A Scheme was on foot, as we're cre-
dibly told,

That Maidens, who now had no Chance to
be Wives,

Shou'd retire from the World, for the rest of
their Lives.

Sir Thomas well knew

What Good would accrue

Unto their Souls, and to the Community too,

In

In a Nunn'ry far from Temptation and Strife,
To lead both a frugal, and innocent Life.

2.

The Magistrate urg'd, " Since Times were so
bad

" That Money or Men they are scarce to be had,

" What Pity these Damfels the Town idly
tramp,

" They had better be praying for Friends in
in the Camp;

" For the Busy and Gay,

" Have no Time to pray,

" Therefore I think well of a rummaging Day,

" And those who've refus'd any Offer shall troop,

" Th' unoffer'd a Twelve-month shall live up-
on Hope.

3.

This Project was kept, and not known to a
Mouse

Till Officers sent were from House unto House,

To

To collect all the Virgins who turn'd were of

Twenty :

" Hey Day! what's the Matter! and pray
Sirs, who sent ye!

" Nay, I'll not go I swear,

" Till I've new curl'd my Hair; —

Pray Ladies, quoth they, you must go as you are,
His Worship is waiting this Hour at the Crown,
And orders you instantly all to come down,

4

O did you ne'er meet with a Flock of wild Geese,
For then you might guess at the Musick of these?
They made a full Stop when they came to the
Crown :

And cour'ying all stood in the midst of the
Town :

" Nay I will not go first,

" If I stand till I burst ;

" Cry'd the Justice, " *Why Rat ye, come in and
" be curst,*"

" But Ladies, I beg you wou'd cease all this
Noise,

" You make a worse Riot than *Westminster*
Boys.

" I

5.

"I own to you all I've no Pow'r to compel,

"But if you'll oblige me, you'll surely do well;

"'Tis wiser by far, now all Hopes are in vain, —

"Make Necessity Choice, — need I farther explain?

"A *Cloister* I mean;

"As meet shall be seen,

"And surely you'll live there the Life of a

"Queen:

"But first if you've any Objections, pray say?

"Some Examination comes in by the Way."

6.

Then first was call'd forth a fair Damfel of Size,

Who'll quickly see forty, or the Register lies;

Says the *Justice*, "there need be no Trial of you,

"The Offers you've slighted we know are not few;

"The Abbess's Place,

"You'll fill with good Grace.

And pray now, good Sir, what d'ye see in my Face

To

To fancy I'd relish a Nunnery Life ?

No, I'd condescend rather to be a tame Wife.

7.

'Tis true of good Offers I've really had Plenty;
I believe I could tell you of a Dozen or Twenty;
But this I assure you, I've not forsworn Men,
And so you shall see, when I'm offer'd again,
Thro' erroneous Comment

On my good Intent.

A very good Offer which lately was sent;
To my great Surprize a Denial has ta'en,
But this I'm resolv'd next Time to speak plain.

8.

Then step'd forth a Maid not so meek as her
Name,
For at married Folks dancing she maketh her
Game.

" 'Tis your Wives who have hinder'd our
Market I'm sure,

" For Dancing and Musick what more can
allure ?

" But

" But when at a Ball,

" We shine away all,

The best of our Beaux to your Trumpery fall:

No Nunn'ry for me, pray send your own
Spouse,

Or keep her at Home, to look after her House.

9.

Two Sisters appear'd, not wonderful tall,

One Virgin and Widow by Fame yclep'd small;

The eldest declar'd she was going to Town,

With pious Intent to bring a Man down:

The Widow so shy,

Of speaking was shy,

But with a graye Face made this pithy Reply,

That she was as much of a Nun as the best,

And wou'd follow Example when they were
profess'd.

10.

Next came a slim Damsel, so trimly demure,

Oh! Ho! quoth the *Justice*, of one I am sure,

My fair one I see, you will make a good
Saint.

If you take the fore one, Sir, I assure you I ben't;

G

Ne'er

Ne'er mind a eady Look,
 No Nunn'ry I brook,
 To catch a good Husband I'm baiting my Hook,
 Some Admirers 'tis true have beg'd hard for my
 Person,
 But Black-couls you know are my utter Aversion.

11.

Then came in a Maiden of Aspect full mild,
 And over her Head peep'd a Giggler most wild.
 The eldest with calmest Civility said,
 It was not her Fault, that she yet was a Maid,
 And 'twould really be hard
 In a Grate to be bar'd,
 But she'd be content if like others she far'd.
 To other turn'd on her Heel, and baul'd out at
 the ran,
 A Cloister! mine A—le! catch me there if
 you can.

12.

A couple of Sisters I erst shou'd have said,
 Were told they must shortly turn Nuns or be
 wed,
 They

They answer'd they really would do all they could,

And hop'd he believ'd their Intentions were good.

But as for this Whim,

It was nothing to them,

They came but to visit their Brother, and him
They intended to leave, when he brought
home his Spouse,

So cou'd have no Right in this Nunn'ry House.

13.

A twain more of Sisters unwilling appear'd,

They colour'd, look'd frightn'd, and beg'd to
be heard;

They surely cou'd not be Parishioners deem'd,
And the Nunn'ry was only for Natives it seem'd;

" They vow'd and declar'd,

" As they hop'd to be pair'd,

" They ne'er in their Lives were so terribly fear'd;

" That they'd rather be smuggling with Cur-
teis and Grey,

" And run home thro' the Dirt; than to here
fast and pray.

14.

A Man who was sent with a Pillion and Horse,
From a Mile out of Town brought a fat clum-
sey Lass;

She star'd at the *Justice*; from red she turn'd
pale,

And pretended to laugh, tho' her Courage did
fail;

Cry'd she if 'tis so,

I think I will go,

If you'll let some conversable Men be there too,
But on hearing the Indulgence, she pleaded her
Right,

And so for a Year got repriev'd from her Fright.

15.

But now that 'twas hinted, the *Justice* began
To lay all ill Success to the Want of a Man;
He sent for the *Curate* and ask'd him if he
Wou'd be Father-Confessor to this Nunnery?

But he made his Excuse,

It was what he shou'd chuse,

Except for a Reason he beg'd to produce;

That

That he knew it a Task much beyond his poor
Skill
To please so many Women, perform it who
will.

16.

And now were examin'd a Dozen Maids more,
From Forty to Fifty and so to Threescore ;
'Twere endless to tell the Excuses they made,
But the Nunnery ev'ry one chose to evade,

'Twas too soon, — or too late —

One engag'd to a Mate, —

And thirty Years Courtship, had Patience to
wait. —

So finding his Project wou'd never prevail,
The Justice desisted, and here ends my Tale,

ADVICE

ADVICE to the DWARF,
A SATIRE,

The Second Edition, with Additions,

Sunt quibus in Satyra videar Nimis acer,

*There are, I scarce can think it, but am told
There are to whom my Satire seems too bold.*

POPE.

PAINTING and Poetry you know,
Were Sisters many an Age ago;

And every Critic must allow
They have the same Connection now.
My little Dwarf allow me then

To guide your Pencil by my Pen,
And let the Muse present a Plan
To be the Subject of a Fan;
Receive (and from no Woman-hater)
A well intention'd honest Satire.

Thick my Dwarf, lay thick enough on,
The Majesty of Mary T——ft——n;

Nor forget, you little Varlet,
 Th' eternal Frown of gloomy Ch—
 Yet be their Colours nicely plac'd
 To give an air of Sense and Taste;
 But begum each frowning Feature
 With Pride, Ill-humour, and Ill-nature
 Let ugly Scorn distort their Faces,
 And frighten thence the Loves and Graces.
 With Patience who can bear to think on
 Th' imperious Air of haughty L—
 But give the Piece its show of Merit,
 Give it Sense, Address and Spirit
 Near her draw (but pray don't tell em)
 The saucy Face of either P—
 Shade, oh Shade, enough allow
 To bronze the Face of Saffron H—
 But let her Drapery be glaring,
 Loofely flaunting, widely staring.
 Then Lady F—, but spare, O Bard,
 The youthful Spouse of Ev—
 Indulgent to her Youth advise
 T' avoid, take warning, and be wise;
 Draw these fair ones singing, shouting,
 Clapping, dancing, hoid'ning, routing;
 Disturbing

Disturbing Concert, Walk and Ball,
 With old N—b frowning on 'em all,
 While K—dg—l all alike derides,
 Draw him holding both his Sides;
 For 'tis more difficult by half,
 To write a Fable than to laugh.

Contention and Confusion over
 This Quality's Compartment hover;
 Hither screaming Scandal bring,
 Let her flap her baleful Wing;
 With hundred Tongues, and hundred Eyes,
 Emblem of Female Talk and Lies;
 Pride and Envy stalk among
 This wretched, clam'rous, thoughtless Throng:
 Let Riot seem to rule the Place,
 And drive away Content and Peace:
 Discretion will no longer stay,
 She spreads her Wings and flies away.

Here bring the Furies without fail in,
 Or in their stead old G—le railing;
 Her truth-touch'd Pen let Satire hold,
 Tho' Furies hiss, and G—le scold.

Let there be a fribblish Groupe,
 Of B---l, S---n, P---l, S---pe.
 And in the midst conspicuous feign I
 Wou'd see the Simple A---y;
 But rather draw the little Peer
 Gallanting with that pert thing F---re;
 Here bring the happy Husband in
 sneering a senseless ghastly Grin.
 To raise the Price, and Fops to fleece,
 Let pretty L---w---s grace the Piece;
 But O be sure with strict Formality,
 To bring her in among the Quality,
 Or else she thinks you use her ill;
 Sweet let her smile on Master B---ll,
 And make the Youth receive the Grace
 With open Mouth and simple Face.
 But 'pon my Life I hardly mist her,
 think there is another Sister,
 Draw her hearing blythe and merry
 The blubbering Talk of L---y.

You'd you, to Love, or Laughter stir us?
 The clumsy Charms of drowsy B---r---s,
 fram'd for Love, for Love unfit,
 You must not in your Piece omit.

H

But

But now my Genius shift the Scene,
 Draw a gaping Gulph between,
 Mix the Colours, stretch the Line,
 Be your Stroke and Pencil fine;
 Great the Skill and nice the Touch is,
 That can describe the Decent *Dutchess*;
 But say, what Pencil can express
 Her easy, faultless, free Address?
 How mingle Dignity with Ease,
 And teach a Piece like her to please?

Next the old Madona face
 Exhibit of her Sister *G---ce*.
 At either Side let there be plac'd
 Old *G---le*, and the *faunting Priest*;
 See she expands her harpy Clutches
 To scratch the Bard, and shield the *Dutchess*;
 But Heav'n defends the Bays from Wrongs,
 From Lightnings, Blasts, and Women's
 Tongues.

Whoe'er are angry without Cause,
 Incur the Muses penal Laws;
 'Tis strange that those shou'd take Offence,
 Whom the Muse holds in Reverence;

That she whose Praise might crown the Song,
 Shou'd e'er resent, or censure wrong.
 The *D--ch--s* frowns, the *Parson* snatches
 His Pen, and much in Haste dispatches
 (For so her Grace commands) a Fable ;
 The *Priest* for such a Job unable,
 Writes without Moral Wit or Meaning,
 From poor *John Gay* most vilely gleaning ;
 An Emblem of his Life he gives,
 Just as he writes his Rev'ence lives.
 Cease, cease your mercenary Praise !
 No Muse will smile on venal Lays ;
 They must (nor *P---t* himself can save)
 The Wages of their Sin receive :
 Satire such Hire asham'd to see
 Must blush, while she contends with thee.

With happy Hand attempt to hit
 The long lank Face of Patriot *P---t*,
 The Muse to Genius conscious bows ;
 With Palms and Laurels crown his Brows ;
 With Olive too his Temple grace,
 Preface of learning Arts and Peace :
 Let Parties, Courts, and Arts contend,
 Who most shall call this Patriot Friend ;

Draw him as in Act to speak,
 Let him Silence seem to break,
 Let an Audience round him gaze
 In fix'd Attention looking Praise;
 Corruption pines as he goes on,
Britannia smiles upon her Son.
 But *Proteus* like, let him be view'd
 In every Shape and Attitude,
 Who roar'd for Country, Freedom Bellum,
 Now speaks for Place, for Peace, and P---m.
 Now in the House with Zeal he swells,
 And now caps Rhymes at *Tunbridge Wells*;
 He now the Statesman sage advises,
 And now vile Sing-song close revises;
 Can such a Genius be absurd?
 No still 'tis P---m gives the Word.
 To curb the Muse the angry H---y
 Dispatches here his Secretary;
 Who seeks for P---t and finds him soon,
 " Sir, have you read this vile Lampoon?
 " A rare Place this, such Game here made is
 " Of these dear Creatures, our young Ladies,
 " And not one ministerial Quill,
 " With Charms and Grace his Lines to fill;
 " Too

" Too late we find how great our Folly,
 " To leave the Bays without old *Colley* ;
 " That Fool to Wit, and Slave to Fame,
 " Will not against his Judgment blame.
 " And that old *N---b* too should approve
 " But him, alas ! we can't remove !——
 " My Master, Sir, depends on you,
 " You prize your place, you know your Cue.

From hence our Patriot all directs;
 Bribes—subscribes—condemns—corrects.
 Play not the Statesman *P---t* ; too well
 Genius delights with Truth to dwell.
 If from their *P---t* the Nymphs are driv'n,
 They spurn our Earth and seek for Heav'n.
 But now as close as e'er you can,
 Re-assume your former Plan,
 Nor prize th' unkind Instructor less
 Whom Folly forces to digress.
 Decent, sensible, and civil,
 Draw the little Face of *N---ll*.

Let the prudent *Yorkshire Lassies*
 Exhibit here their sober Faces ;
 Bring 'em forth with Matron Mien,
 Steady Gait and Look serene,

Much

Much reserv'd, yet inoffensive,
Shy, demure, and somewhat pensive.

In brightest Colours let me see
The ruby Lip of laughing *L*——
And next the Muse had almost past her,
The *je ne scai quoi* of jaunty *F*——r.

V——s——'s op'ning Bloom adorn
With Colours blushing like the Morn;
Such Innocence, and heav'nly Grace,
As smooth as youthful Cherub's Face.

But Colours now my Dwarf prepare,
Bright as the Fancy of my Fair;
And let the nice Design appear
Like her own Judgment, just and clear;
Let strictest Rules of Art direct,
And be your Taste like her's correct:
Choose Expression soft and strong
As any Poet's lofty Song,
To the lovely Piece annex
Parts beyond her Years and Sex,
Temper more than manly Sense,
With softest Female Diffidence;

And to her blooming Looks impart
 The Candour of her tender Heart,
 But cries the Painter — what d' you call her?
 Your pardon, Sir, the Wits would maul her;
 Her Face and Fame the Belles may mangle,
 Or flutt'ring Fops wou'd ever dangle,
 To save her from the envious Rout,
 I think you'd better leave her out;
 You'll say she's but my Fancy's Baby —
 Well, such a one there is — or may be.

Hence flutt'ring Beaux, and flirting Belles,
 A long Adieu to *Tambridge Wells*;
 Farewell Jilt, Coquette, and Prude,
 Welcome solemn Solitude,
 Shady walk, and sunny Hill,
 Warbling Bird, and purling Rill,
 Where free from Envy, Noise, and Spleen,
 I'll loll away a laughing Life.
 The Noise that angry Coxcombs keep
 Shall swell my Laugh, and sooth my Sleep.
 But when a Genius joins the Throng,
 The Muse again revives the Song,
 And leaves her happy calm Retreat —
 To plunge among the Vain and Great.

The Lion thus secures his Prey,
 And in grim Silence stalks away,
 While distant Curs unheeded bay.
 But shou'd a P---t renew the Chace,
 He turns and frowns him in the Face;
 But crouching low to Taste and Sense,
 Spares the proud Prince of Eloquence.

VERSES, occasioned by the Advice to
 the Dwarf at *Tunbridge Wells*.

HAD Fate propitious made it mine,
 In *Claude's*, or *Titian's* Sphere to shine;
 No Hill, with stately Verdure crown'd,
 Nor Vale, for lucid Stream renown'd,
 Nor bleating Lamb, nor wanton Fawn,
 Lightly skipping o'er the Lawn,
 Nor Shepherd's Cott, nor Hermit's Cell,
 Shou'd tempt my Genius to excell,
 The only Object of my Care,
 Shou'd be a Landscaps of the Fair;
 Come, gentle Muse, the Thought pursue,
 And place th' Originals in view.
 But soft——for Clouds of Malice rise
 T' eclipse the Beams of radiant Eyes,

And

And let their baleful Influence fall,
 Cloth'd in the Bitterness of Gall,
 Apt to refresh (for so Fame tells)
 The cruel Taste of *Tunbridge Wells*.
 'Tis easy to have Parts and Skill
 Sufficient to say something ill,
 Indulging Censure at th' Expence
 Of Wit, good Manners, and good Sense:
 Two Patterns of unblemish'd Worth,
 In Virtue noble as in Birth,
 Of Dignity, that may express
 A graceful, tho' reserv'd Address,
 Nor conscious of their Charms, nor vain,
 Engaging, affable, humane,
 Have fall'n an undistinguish'd Prey
 To Scandal's arbitrary Sway:
 Let Justice be the Point in View,
 And T---'s Daughters prove it true.
 Can L---'s noble Mien offend,
 On whom the Graces pleas'd attend?
 Restore to the much injur'd Fair,
 Charms which the *Cyprian Queen* might wear,
 And let th' illustrious Portrait shine
 With Air, and Grace, and form Divine.

Lampooner, flippant, and unkind
 Say what Politeness made thee find
 For *Fanny Fair*, and gentle *Grace*,
 A Term so fine, as *saucy Face*?
 If Fancy gay, if harmless Wit,
 If Elegance without Conceit,
 If smiling Sweetness have a Charm
 Ingenious Envy to disarm;
 Submit it to impartial Eyes,
 And *Either P---m* wins the Prize.
 If 'tis a Crime to live with Ease,
 And carelessly Mankind to please;
 Then Scandal rail, and Malice sneer
 The Loves and Smiles that play round *F---*
 Blast *F---*'s happy Pow'r to use
 The Freedom Virtue cannot lose;
 And *H---w*'s gay Negligence of Art,
 Undress'd in Person, as in Heart.

Since stern poetical Abuse
 Pronounces Mirth, without Excuse,
 Nor Youth, nor Beauty ought can say,
 To countenance the *Toujours gai*:
 Henceforth, bid Nature form the Mind
 Solemn, and grave in all Mankind;

And wisely give to Twenty-four,
The Coldness of reserv'd Threescore.

Mistaken Bard! renounce the Bays,
Forbear thy Satire, and thy Praise!
Each unsuccessful Theme refuse,
Great Merit scorns the vulgar Muse:
And injur'd Beauty's best Defence
Against Reproach, is *Innocence*.

The OWLS, the BATTS, and the SUN.

A FABLE, inscrib'd

To the Right Hon^{ble} Lady MARY T--FT--N.

IF Beauty, Innocence, and Truth

Ne'er escap'd Detraction's venom'd Tooth,
Then why should you, or ev'n the *Dutchess*,
Think to avoid foul Envy's Clutches?
Because she finds you Virtue's Darling,
'Tis this that sets the Hag a snarling;
Cease you to shine, she'll cease to rail,
As I shall shew you in my Tale.

The *Owls* and *Batts*, as Stories say,
(Mere modern Satirists) one Day
Met in a gloomy Wood, and there
Whate'er was great, and good, and fair,

Lash'd with Satiric Stroke abusive,
 From *T--ft--n* down to *L--e* inclusive,
 They backward spelt each Act, and Feature,
 And inside-but, turn'd every Creature:
 The harmless Gaiety of *F--*
 They term'd Coquetting with a Peer;
L--w--s with round unmeaning Face
 Affected Quality and Place:

While thus at Innocence they laugh,
 I wonder that *L--b--p* was safe!

Mean Time came tow'ring from the East
 The Sun, in all his Glories drest,
 And thro' the Shade his quick'ning Ray
 Pierc'd where these gloomy Railers lay;
 No Wonder that the Birds of Night,
 Scream'd at the Sun's approaching Light,
 Or if offended at his Beam,
 They dar'd his God-head to blaspheme.
 He saw, he heard, their Blasphemy,
 And then vouchsaf'd them this Reply:
 " You ne'er shall thwart my grand Design,
 " 'Tis yours to rail, 'tis mine to shine."

On an Invitation at TUNBRIDGE WELLS,
September 2, 1748.

LADIES, your kind Repast is Tea,
This present Afternoon,
To Morrow's Cordial-Draught will be
A bitter sweet Lampoon.

Next Day——our Modesty's so great,
(Permit us to request it)
That you'll except of t'other Treat,
——To help you to digest it.

Wrote in a Lady's PRAYER-BOOK.

OF'T on my Knees at Church I've been,
One Pray'r my first and last;
A Husband is the Thing I mean——
Good Lord! I am in Haste.

F I N I S.

On an Invitation at Tunbridge Wells,

September 2, 1748.

ADIES, your kind Regard is Tel,

This present Afternoon,

to Morrow's Cordial-Draught will be

A bitter sweet Lक्षण.

Next Day—our Modesty is to great,

(Permit us to request it)

that you'll except of other Treat,

—To—



Wrote in a Lक्षण-AVER-BOOK.

Let on my Knots at Church I've been,

One Pray's my last and last;

Husband is the Thing I mean—

Good Lord! I am in Haste.